

Falling For You

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Summary: Hijack! One-shot! Hiccup's just a bit clumsy, nothing wrong with that, right? Wrong. In Berk, anything abnormal is ridiculed. So, Hiccup's a social outcast. Or.. just until a new kid moves into town and changes all that. Warning: bullying, low self-confidence, really quick romance. Really cheesy, sorry. Enjoy!

Falling For You

**So guys, Summer's coming, and I'll have a lot more free-time, so hopefully you'll see more of me! Here's a little one-shot!
Enjoy!**

DISCLAIMER: I don't own HTTYD or ROTG.

Warning: slight bullying and talking down about one's self.

* * *

><p>I really don't understand anything anymore. Just because I'm clumsy doesn't mean my clumsiness is contagious or whatever. But, yeah, for some reason, people don't want to be my friend. They justâ€¦ avoid me. Okay, maybe my being clumsy isn't the only contributing factor in this scenario, because I'm also a smart-ass, extremely sarcastic, and really anti-social. But that's not the point right now! The point is that I'm a lonely guy in high school, whose life is about to be turned upside-down.

Hi. I'm Hiccup.

* * *

><p>Like I said, I'm a loner. People at my school, Berk High, just seem to think that it's one of my major down-falls (almost literally) and stay away from me at all costs. They've sort of been jerks to me, like, forever, but that doesn't really matter. I'm easy to point out in a crowd; just look for the nerd-looking guy that's stumbling along

and mumbling sarcastically to himself, and has a couple books in his arms. Classic.<p>

Literally, I've stumbled my way through my first two years of high school, and I was perfectly okay with that. The way I was going, I would be Valedictorian of my class and get into the highest-ranking university in the country.

But remember when I said my life was going to be turned upside-down? Yeahâ€| and that all started the first day of my junior year at Berk High. Being the small school in the middle of nowhere that we were, we never got many new students. But this year was special, because for the first time in about three years, someone new had moved to Berk just in time for the start of the new term.

Did I care? No, not really. It would just be another jerk who would avoid me, pick on me, and so forth. This didn't really matter, not really.

Hey, look how wrong I was!

Anyways, first day of term. I was late to getting out of my sixth period class, because one: I liked the teacher, two: because I didn't want to get shoved around in the hallways, and three: because I helped straighten out the classroom before I left. The teacher thanked me, and by the time I got out of the classroom, the place was deserted. I silently thanked whatever god was out there that would give me this blessing as I started walking down the stairs. I needed to get home somehow.

You know that saying: "Don't count your blessings?" This was definitely one of those moments.

It was a pretty lucky day for me, since I hadn't fell on my face, but the inevitable was bound to happen. At the last three steps on the staircase, I stepped on my shoelace and came tumbling down onto the floor. I cringed, waiting for the impactâ€|that never came. Someone caught me, and that's when I noticed that an arm wrapped around my waist tightly. I gasped, fumbling around and moving out of the grip, when I noticed that my books were scattered across the floor.

"I-I-I am so sorryâ€|" I started to mumble, not even looking up at my savior. They dropped down onto their knees next to me and helped me gather my books up. We both looked up at the same time, and our eyes locked.

I've never seen the guy before, and I knew that he was the new kid that just got here. His eyes were the clearest and deepest blue I've ever seen in my entire life, and oddly enough, he had spikey white hair. He was really pale, and he was skinny but he obviously had some muscle on him. You knowâ€| if we want to be honest about appearances at the moment.

"You don't need to be sorry," He said, smirking at me. I'm pretty sure I melted right then and there, but I pulled myself together a second later. We both stood up, and he handed me the books I dropped.

"Thanks forâ€| well, you knowâ€|" I said, looking at my feet and rocking on the balls of them slightly. The guy just laughed at me,

but it wasn't mocking€| endearing, maybe?

"No problem," He said lightly. "I'm Jack." He greeted, sticking out a hand towards me. I grabbed it awkwardly and shook it, no doubt my hand sweaty and shaky.

"Hiccup," I greeted, smiling lightly. "Um, well, thanks again, for helping me and not letting me die just yet. So, um, see ya." I said, dodging him and walking away.

"See you later, Hiccup!" I heard him call. I didn't know if he was being sincere or if he was mocking me, so I rolled my eyes and walked myself home.

Nothing really significant, right? Just someone helping me out of the blue, nothing really serious. No, wrong. 100 percent wrong. Why? Because I'm Hiccup. Any ordinary person at Berk High would have watched me fall and laughed at me, and probably kick my books away when I tried to pick them up. I really shouldn't have dwelled on it longer than that, but all I saw on my way home was his smirk, telling me not to be sorry. That night, when I was about to fall asleep, his voice echoed in my ears: "_See you later, Hiccup!_"

* * *

><p>By the time tomorrow came, I was completely over what happened yesterday. School was school, and when lunch came around, I sat by myself on one of the benches and ate the little sandwich I made before coming here (there was no way I was eating gross school lunches!). Nothing out of the ordinary, right? Right.<p>

Well, the bell rang, and I threw my trash away and began to walk to my next class. Well, the halls were flooded with people, and I was bumped around a lot, per usual. Someone bumped into me harder than normal, and it threw me off balance. Again, I cringed as I waited for gravity to proclaim its hate for me and make me smack against the cold, hard floor. But it never came. Instead, someone was holding me up by the arm. I looked up, and it was none other than Jack. He pulled me back up onto my feet and chuckled.

"We really need to stop meeting like this," He said, his eyes sparkling. I didn't know what to do. I mean, was this guy really willingly striking up a conversation with me in public?!

"O-oh, um€| okay?" I said, unsure. "Thanks, well, again." He laughed at me again, and placed a hand on my shoulder.

"You don't need to say 'thank you' every single time I save your pretty face from utter destruction." Jack said, a new kind of gleam in his eyes. I brushed his hand off of me, and I could feel a blush creeping onto my face. Was he really flirting with me?!

"Sorry I was raised to use my manners," I scoffed lightly, but not mockingly.

"Oh, yes, right. Of course, my good sir." Jack said, laughing. "Where you heading?" He asked.

"Um€| class?" I said, looking at him bizarrely. He flicked me on the forehead.

"No, duh." Jack said, rolling his eyes at me.

"Okay, well, bye." I said, knowing the passing period was about to end and I still needed to get to my class on time. I dodged him and kept walking. But he showed up by my side anyways. "What are you doing?" I asked, curious.

"Walking you to class, doi." He said.

"Why?" I asked.

"You're super clumsy, and I don't want you ruining that pretty face of yours." He answered simply, making me blush. He was at it again, and I really wanted to wipe that confident little smirk off his face. I smacked my lips and looked away pointedly, trying to hide the redness in my face.

"Alright, then." I said. I got to my class without any other mishaps and I shot him a little smile. "Uh, thanksâ€¦" I said, before he flicked me again. "Ow!"

"I said stop thanking me." He said, his smile wide. He poked my nose and walked away. I dodged into my classroom before the bell could mark me as 'tardy.'

I was extra careful for the rest of the day, secretly believing that if I did fall, Jack would magically be by my side again and flirt with me some more. So I watched out for anything and everything that could make me fall, and actually, it worked. I didn't trip once, but I did bump into more people than I could count and tripped over my feet repeatedly, but I didn't fall flat on my face.

The last bell rang and once again I was the last person out of my classroom. The teacher didn't mind though, and we talked a little before I realized the time and excuse myself. I took the stairs slowly, watching my feet and holding onto the railing until my knuckles were white. I only let go of the railing when both my feet were planted firmly on the ground. From there, I walked to the back exit of Berk High and started to head home.

"Hiccup! Wait up!" Someone yelled. For a second, my blood froze. All I could think about was that I was going to be beat up or something terrible was going to happen to me. But I recognized his voice, and I relaxed. I practically forced myself to stop walking and turn around. Jack was running towards me, his backpack slung on his shoulder.

"What are you doing?" I asked, laughing.

"Walking. Duh, what does it look like?" Jack asked. "You heading home?"

"Uhâ€¦ yeah. Yeah." I said, turning an interesting shade of red, no doubt.

"Cool." Jack said, nodding his head.

"Okayâ€¦ really?" I said, biting the inside of my lip and looking at him with a confused expression.

"What?" He asked, adjusting the backpack on his shoulder.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked, the slight disbelief I felt resonating in my voice. "I mean, is this some kind of joke? I wouldn't be surprised if it was, but it's gone on long enough, don't you think? You don't have to pretend that you care, or talk to me, or have anything to do with me just to prove yourself to them."|"

"What the heck are you talking about?" Jack exclaimed, a little loudly. I flinched. "Do you really think this is a joke?"

"What did I seriously just say, Jack?" I asked, shooting him a glare. "Just" go."

"You've got it all wrong, Hic." Jack said, grabbed my shoulder and making me stop. "This isn't a joke. I'm just trying to be nice. Plus, I'm pretty sure you can't make it home without falling flat on your face, so I'm doing you a favor."

I huffed, and turned on my heel. I took a step forward, and my foot got caught on something or other, and I felt myself going down. I flailed, when Jack instinctively wrapped his arms around me, one around my waist and the other across my chest. He set me on my feet, before turning me around to face him again.

"See?" He asked, his smile basically saying, 'I told you so.' I knew I was beet red, and I hoped to all the gods in the universe that it died down soon.

"Thanks." I muttered, knowing how much he hated me thanking him. "But I still don't see what you have to gain from this."

"Gain?" Jack asked. "What have I got to gain? Maybe be a relationship with the cutest, most adorable person I have ever met in my whole entire life. Not like that matters or anything."

When he said the word "relationship," I knew that the redness in my face would never falter. What he was trying to insinuate, I have no idea, but the look in his eyes were sincere.

"Okay." I said weakly. "Maybe this isn't a joke."

"Oh, yeah sure." He said rolling his eyes. "Maybe." I stared exclusively at the floor and continued to walk the road back home. "So"

"So?" I asked.

"What do you like doing?" Jack blurted out, and I couldn't hold back a snort of laughter. I slowly lifted my head and looked him in the eye. I nearly melted, but my laugh was still dominating my face.

"Are you seriously"? Wow." I said, falling back into laughter. "Really? The general 'get to know you' questions? So cliché." Gods, I hoped I didn't sound obnoxious.

"Well, what am I supposed to do? We don't know each other." Jack said. "You always run away when I try."

"I don't run away." I mumble, looking back down at my feet and at the road ahead of me.

"Then look at me." Jack said. When I didn't look, he huffed. "See? You must not have that really good of people skills, then."

"I don't talk to people much," I admitted. "All they do is beat me up, why should I talk to them?" I heard him gasp, and when I glanced at him, his eyes were wide and filled with worry. "Forget I said anything," I said, shrugging my backpack into a more comfortable position on my shoulder.

"They do that?" Jack asked, placing a hand on my shoulder. I tried to shrug him off, but his hand didn't move from its place. "No, tell me. They bully you?"

"Everyone does, not like it matters." I added, trying to act nonchalant about it. "I don't even care anymore. They only want my reaction, so I don't really give it to them any-" I was rambling, I knew it, but what shut me up was when Jack squeezed my shoulder. I blinked, and looked at him. There was clear concern in his eyes, and it was slightly clouded by anger and disbelief.

"How can you say that?" He asked. I was going to answer him when he cut me off. "Of course it matters! You're getting hurt because of them! Fight back! Tell someone! Don't sit there and take it!" Defending myself wasn't an option as Jack walked on, his hands moving wildly as he talked and I followed him. "Who are they?" Jack asked suddenly.

"What?" I asked.

"Who hurts you?" Jack said. I noticed his hands balled up into fists.

"I don't understand why you care so much about it," I grumbled, kicking a rock out of my general direction as I walked. "It won't even make a difference, really."

"I care becauseâ€¦| what the fuck did you do to them that automatically makes you worthy of them bullying you?" Jack asked.

"It's nothing, Jack. Just drop it." I insisted. They aren't worth the attention. They were worth nothing to me, why couldn't he get that?

"You're so passive about everything," Jack scoffed lightly, but once again, his words weren't accusing or teasing. "You don't even want me to beat up those low-lives that make every day of your life hell." The words shocked me; I knew he was upset, but I didn't really expect him to be so passionate about it!

"That wouldn't make you, or me, actually, any better than they are, so what's the point?" I asked, looking at him. "Justâ€¦| I'm not worth it. It's not worth it." I tried to amend, but Jack already caught on. He grabbed my shoulder and spun me again, too fast this time, and I fell forward, crashing into his chest. That didn't matter, though, because Jack instantly enveloped me into a hug, one arm across my

back, his fingers brushing my hip while the other was holding my head softly, his fingers plying with my hair slightly.

"Don't say that." Jack said softly, the sincerity in his voice making my heart stutter. "You're worth everything. Anything. Please don't say thatâ€¦"

"Okay, I won't." I responded, my hands pinned to my sides awkwardly.

"I know what you're thinking," Jack said, a small laugh creeping in on his voice. I blinked. "You're thinking about why I'm so worked up about all this."

"Well, yeah," I said. Jack let out a breath, his fingers stroking my hair gently before moving. He gripped my shoulders and held me a little bit away from him. I couldn't help but redden. Jack almost looked shy. I probably looked worse.

"I know it may come as a bit of a shock," Jack said, looking me dead in the eye, and I simply couldn't look away, "but I've liked you ever since I saved you from ultimate destruction the first day of school."

I opened my mouth to say something, when Jack leaned down and quickly pressed his lips onto mine, the simple contact nervous and sweet all at the same time. Jack let go of my shoulders, then, and moved away, red spots forming high on his cheeks.

"Sorry," he mumbled, before looking away.

I didn't know what to do, let alone say! Jack took a couple steps forward and then stopped, waiting for me to lead the way. I did, walking at a much slower pace than I would have if I was alone. There was something forming in the pit of my stomach, and I couldn't place my finger on it. But I knew that I didn't want to be home, and I definitely didn't want to leave Jack.

But we walked in silence anyways, and I was slightly shocked that Jack didn't just leave after what happened. As we turned onto my street, I mustered up the courage to forget myself and let a simple word fall out of my mouth.

"Really?" I asked.

"Really, what?" Jack asked.

"You know what." I relied simply.

"Umâ€¦ yeah." Jack said, a little smile forming onto his lips. We reached the front door of my house, and I was pleased to note that my dad wasn't home. "I guess you could say that I fell for you." Jack added, that smile playing on his lips.

I laughed a bit as his words played out in my head, and I realized I was stupid, plain stupid, to even be thinking about it right now. I fell for youâ€¦

"No, I'm the one falling for you," I noted quietly, making Jack's lip quirk and look at me funny.

I didn't know what I was doing, but all I knew was that I was kissing him, and it was me that initiated it. Jack laughed against my lips as his fingers found my hair again.

Hm. Maybe falling all the time wasn't so bad after all.

* * *

><p>UM. CHEESY. C'mon guys, you should have seen it coming.

**So, I hoped you all liked it! Leave a review if you did!
Thanks!**

~HB

End
file.